

# THE TIGER



GRADUATION NUMBER  
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v.6, no.3

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# THE TIGER

VOL. VI.

IPSWICH MASS., JUNE, 1925.

NO. 3

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# Editorial

## FORE WORD FOR SENIORS

For four years we of the class of 1925 have studied and played together. We have been prominent in athletics and have run many social activities. We will never forget the socials, plays, minstrel shows, games, class meetings, committee meetings, and particularly the fun we had rehearsing our Senior Play.

In the pleasure of thinking over these events of the past there come to us feelings of regret and sorrow that our days together in Manning High are nearly ended. We have thought that we hated school and hated to study but now we realize that we were mistaken, and we would give anything if we had four more years in high school.

We have been successful in all our undertakings because of the spirit of good fellowship which has always existed amongst us. We hope that this spirit which has bound us together for four years will not be lost after graduation and that we may look forward to good times in the future not unlike those of the past in Manning.

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———, '29

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He'len Davis, '26



# Literary

## THE DIFFICULTY OVERCOME

"Oh dear," said Marie to her younger brother Robert, "the time is almost up and our pullets have not begun to lay yet. Oh! I know we shan't get the money," and she added sobbingly, "Oh dear, poor mother, oh dear, oh dear."

This poor girl had done her best to raise thirty chickens up to the age of five and one half months, and now she wanted them to lay. Her uncle, a bachelor farmer, jealous of his brother's city-bred family, in his will had left the family plenty of money but he had stated that they should not come into the possession of his money until they should have lived on a farm, raised chickens, and at the end of the fifth month produced an egg from one of the said chickens. Marie's father, a spoiled cross, and peevish old man had the gout and so Marie's mother, because they could not afford a nurse, had to spend her time in taking care of him. Thus the raising of the chickens fell upon Marie, aged fourteen, and Robert, aged eight.

"Aw shucks, sis, cheer up—we'll find a way to make them lay. Just let me think a minute," was the determined response of Robert.

They had previously been stuffing the poor young hens with "lay 'or bust feed," clam shells, et cetera to no avail. It seemed that since anything which they might give the hens to eat did not bring about the desired results, a definite course of action must be followed.

During the next week Robert was very busy. He told only Marie his plans. She was doubtful as to whether they would succeed or not, but was desperately determined to try almost any method as long as they received the money.

On August the thirty-first, the day before the trustees were to come, Bob and Marie rehearsed their parts. Marie went into the hen-house and caught a hen and put her on a nest which Robert had fixed with clamps which caught the hen's legs as though they were in a trap. The clamps were invisible because of the hay in the nest, but they were certainly there because the hen was kept on the nest whether she wanted to stay there or not. In the meantime Bob from the outside of the hen-house, had reached through a small window on the side back to the nest, put his hand through a small aperture in the

nest, made especially for the occasion, and placed an egg under the hen, at the same time loosening the clamps. He had just time to draw his hand away before the hen, discovering that she was free, flew from the nest. Then from the open window with his sling shot he hit the hen with a small pebble and she immediately began to cackle—not because she had laid an egg, but from fright. "But who is to know the difference, anyway?" argued Robert.

That night Robert slept peacefully, sure of his success on the morrow, but Marie had a struggle with her conscience. She wanted the money but knew that it was not right to take it deceitfully. "But why," she reasoned, "shouldn't I have success? My motive was a generous one. I do not want the money for myself, but for mother, and I feel that I have worked hard for it."

The next day the two trustees came. Bob and Marie, the one calm, the other nervous and excited, led their guests into the hen-house. One hen seemed to be walking around near the nest; so Marie grabbed her and put her into the empty nest used the day before. It had never occurred to their young minds that a hen goes on the nest of her own accord, but the two trustees knew and smiled a little when this hen was caught and put on the nest and stayed there.

During the fifteen minutes which were given the poor little hen to "do her stuff," the two men walked around the hen-house, noticing the several nests which had at least two eggs in each—and it was only ten o'clock in the morning.

Now at the end of the fifteen minutes. Robert excused himself in order that he might perform his little stunt at the outside of the hen-house. In a few seconds the hen flew from the nest, but what seemed strange to Robert, standing outside, was that she started to cackle before he hit her with his sling shot. Marie and the trustees, however, were looking at the nest when they beheld two eggs where fifteen minutes before there had been none at all.

It was evident to Marie and to Bob, too, who had just come in, that the hen herself had laid the additional egg. In their joy they gave away their plot, but the trustees could do nothing about it because the hen really had laid an egg. Thus it was that Marie and Bob fulfilled the terms of the legacy.

NATALIE BROWN, '25.

## TO SPRING

O Spring, sweet harbinger of the dancing leaves,

O thou who bringest flowers blooming fair,

Who scatterest sunshine, hear, oh hear, my prayer

That I may also be one who receives

A share of your great wealth which, safe from thieves,

Is stored in your embrace. Let flowers grow

Beside my doors; oh let soft breezes blow

My cares away; in spring-time no one grieves.

Oh send me sunshine from your bounteous hoard

To cheer my heart as from your heart 'tis poured.

Oh grant these gifts to each one who believes

That spring-time's joy-time, who desires peace.

O Spring, I would that thou might never cease

To weave yourself into the life each weaves.

MARY BEALS, '25

## LA LOUP-GAROU

I was seated in one of San Francisco's rare Turkish restaurants seeking vainly for material for my novel when I was suddenly awakened from my idle dreams by angry vociferations from the swarthy manager and a man who, it appeared, did not have enough money to pay his bill. The foreign manager gesticulated and spoke in fiery broken English which the other could scarcely understand and did not care to understand, for he stood listening, flipping aimlessly in the air the small coin which he claimed was his last and only. But suddenly his careless demeanor fell. His face blanched, his jaw dropped, his eyes protruded, his whole appearance was one of abject horror, as he gazed at the manager who now stopped his argument in astonishment at the change in the man.

My curiosity was aroused, and I decided to pay the man's bill and bring him to my table. I approached the two and after paying the amount, asked the man, who now appeared himself once more, to my table. He agreed quickly enough and after having settled down, I asked

him what had caused the sudden change in his demeanor.

"That is a long story, but if you care to listen I will tell you."

I agreed readily, and he told me the following story.

"Five years ago I was a fairly successful business man in Alaska. I was making a good income but despite my financial success, I always hungered for the glory of being a public hero. To make a long story short there was in our camp a man, named Red MacFairden, hated and feared by all. He was a veritable giant of a man in a land where law was scarce and where the rule of the mighty thrived; as a result he had things about as he liked them. No man dared to fight him without weapons and only one had ever tried it with them, and he had been killed.

"But I had witnessed this battle and although he had been fast with his gun, I knew that I could beat him. I thought of this frequently, when at last the thought struck me that here was my chance to realize my ambition. By drawing him into a quarrel and disposing of him, the position for which I had yearned from my boyhood would be mine, for although I feared nothing from him myself he was heartily hated and feared by the rest of the community.

"Very carefully I laid my plans. I knew I was taking no chances, and I made sure to have plenty of witnesses when I should perform my mock heroic deed. At last my chance came. It was a Saturday night and there was a big crowd in the saloon. Red MacFairden had started his usual bullying and I interceded. In less than a minute the work was done and MacFairden was carried out a dead man. As soon as the horror of the scene had worn off, men began to gather around me. They shook my hand and drank to my honor; some mentioned me as sheriff. That was the happiest moment of my life, and my ambition was accomplished.

"That night a heavy storm set in. It lasted for three days, and every day my popularity grew. At the end of the storm, a group of men carried the body of MacFairden to his camp which lay about three miles from camp. When they returned, they had a tragic tale to tell. MacFairden's wife and two children had been found in the cabin frozen to death.

"With this news the ghastliness of my action struck me for the first time. I had been the instrument in bringing about the death of these three innocent



people, and not only this, but I had murdered the man, deliberately for my own personal gain. That night I slept but little for the hideousness of my crime became clearer and clearer in my head. Murder, murder, murder, stared at me in dripping red letters every time I closed my eyes. At last, however, I succeeded in dropping into a fitful doze. I had barely closed my eyes when I sat bolt upright in bed with a nameless fear tearing at my heart. I looked about to see what had caused my fear, and as I gazed in front of me, my heart was clutched by a terrible fear, for before my eyes was the form of a wolf with the head of a man, that of Red MacFairland.

"Slowly the mouth opened; it spoke:

"You have murdered my wife and innocent babes; for their murder, not for my own, I shall haunt you till your dying day. Always, always as la loup-garou I shall be before your eyes to prick your guilty conscience.' As it spoke, the blood dripped from its mouth as it had done the night I had shot Red MacFairden. Then slowly the form receded, and at last with a weird wailing laugh it was gone.

"I arose from my bed. I was covered with a cold, beady perspiration, and my skin was cold and clammy. What I had seen had been no dream but a reality."

He stopped and sat gazing moodily at his plate with an air of utter hopelessness.

"What then?" I urged.

"It has been even as he promised me; no matter where I go, no matter what I do, la loup-garou is always there to taunt me."

"But what did that have to do with the particular fear you manifested when speaking to the manager?"

"As he spoke his countenance suddenly changed, and I beheld la loup-garou once more before me; it spoke and said: 'Behold, I am with you still.'"

E. WITHAM, '25.

### THE ORIENTAL JAR

When Mr. Russel came home from the office, he greeted his wife with, "Well, little wife, Cap'n Isaac is dead."

"Ne is?" questioned the woman doubtfully.

"Yes. I learned at the office that he died suddenly yesterday. His will has already been read and—and he left us nothing but an Oriental jar with a broken string of beads.

"Your father didn't leave you his

house! Why, I thought surely—"

"That is, he didn't directly. The condition was that if we found the rest of the beads in a month we should have the house. If not, his nephew Henry and his family receive it."

"Of course we can find the beads. But isn't it just like that eccentric old sea-captain, with his passion for collecting old books and curious beads, to leave us such a legacy? We'll begin hunting tomorrow."

By the time breakfast was over the next morning every member of this legatee family was enthusiastic over the search that was being planned. David, the eldest boy, took charge of the affair.

"Now," said he, "we must have a systematic plan of attack. Mumsie, you take the kitchen, because you know about that. Dad loves books; so I guess his place is the library. Bab can take the dining room, and I will hunt in the parlor. And mind, leave everything in order; be methodical. Now, let's go."

"You and your methods make me sick," said Bab. "I'm with you, though, on the going."

In no time at all the four were starting to search their respective rooms, with the injunction from David, "Report this noon."

Each one set about his task in his own manner. David, tall, dark, with method written all over him, took every article off the parlor table, opening the books and probing into the back-binding, turning the bric-brac upside down, sounding the rather thick table for hollow places, and taking out the drawers. And his report was, "I found nothing."

Bab, or Barbara, although her features were like her brother's, was otherwise very unlike him. Saucy, careless, light-hearted, she hummed a little song as she dumped everything from the side-board onto the dining-room table and then, glancing at it, put each article back in place. Her report too was, "Nothing."

Mrs. Russell did—well, what a woman generally does when she cleans a kitchen. She busied herself with the pantry shelves, and probably wouldn't think of the beads unless they dropped out of one of the many pans and kettles. Therefore it was not surprising that she said, "Nothing."

In the library Mr. Russell first noticed the mate of his Oriental jar—a carved miniature of the huge water jars the Eastern maidens carry, a jar smelling faintly of rosewood and spice. He looked into it, half-expecting to find the

other part of the string of beads, but found only a torn page of one of Shakespeare's plays. He read a few lines:

"Full fathom five thy father lies,  
"f his bones are coral made;

"Those are pearls, that were his  
eyes:"

and then put the paper into his pocket. He forgot about it completely, while he tenderly handled the rare books which he hoped would soon be his own. But he found,—"Nothing."

After that first morning, although enthusiasm didn't die down, the four were seldom found working at the same time. There were other demands on their time. Studying, house-work, the office, all needed attention. In spite of that, the four down-stair rooms of Cap'n Isaac's house were, by the end of the week, carefully searched and as carefully put in order.

When a new distribution or labor was necessary, David once more took command. He said, "You three don't know how to hunt. I do, and that's why I'm going to take Cap'n Isaac's bed-room. I've a feeling that the beads will be there. You can divide the other rooms up between you."

"I say, why don't all of us work together? We'd get done quicker," put in Bab.

"We will not! I certainly don't intend to let you pile anything on top of the things I'm looking at. You can just stick to your own room."

"Oh bla!"

The mother silenced them with, "Children, children, there's no time to quarrel if we expect to find the beads before the month is up. Remember, we haven't even looked at the attic or the yard."

That night Bab was exultant. "Look," she cried, "I have found—"

"The beads?"

"No, a bead." She held up a tiny egg-shaped bead, red except for a black circle at the tip. "It surely belongs on the string, and I think the others can't be far off."

David sniffed. "It was just luck that you found it. You won't find the rest unless you do a good stiff lot of hunting. Did you rip up the carpeting or take off the backs of the pictures?"

"Of course not!"

"I knew it! and I'll bet you won't find another bead unless you do all that and ten times more!"

Alas, his prophecy was too true, for their searched proved fruitless. That

week passed, and the next, and the next. Not even one more bead was found. At the expiration of the month Cap'n Isaac's house was, according to David, "surrendered to the enemy", in this case the Cap'n's nephew and family.

A very sober family conclave was held the next morning. Suddenly Mr. Russel, who had been sitting with his hands in his pockets, pulled out a scrap of paper.

"I found this the very first day," he said, reading the lines from "The Tempest." "Do you suppose it would have given us a clue?"

"That reminds me," Mrs. Russel replied, "that the Cap'n picked up quite a few gems while he was traveling. What ever became of them? They aren't mentioned in his will, and I never heard of his selling them."

"He probably sold them. But jewels or no jewels, the Oriental jar was what caused the whole trouble. I wish I'd never seen the jar, or the beads, or Cap'n Isaac's house, or—" David angrily threw the Oriental jar on the floor and stormed out of the room.

His mother, the peace-maker, rose to follow him. Before she did so, she stooped to pick up the jar. Her sudden exclamation brought David back to see what had happened. He found his mother holding the broken jar in one hand and a white box in the other, while his father and sister stared open-mouthed.

"David, since you found the box, I think you should open it."

"I, mother?" was his incredulous answer.

"Yes, you. When You dropped the jar, it broke and showed us that it had a false bottom. The box was beneath the false bottom. Open it, quick."

With trembling fingers David obeyed. Before his astonished eyes lay a handful of jewels—among them a pearl and a string of coral.

"Dave, Bab, wife! If I know anything about jewels, we can buy ourselves a house, one with all the modern conveniences that Cap'n Isaac's house hasn't got. Hurrah!" And Mr. Russel started a mad Ring-Around-the-Rosy with his family.

As he sank breathlessly into a chair David shouted, "Bab! There goes something from the box. Catch it!"

Bab rescued a piece of note-paper from the fire-place and when the others had clustered eagerly around her read the following:

"Dear Son:

For years I have planned to will my house to nephew Henry and leave you my jewels, which will buy a better house than mine. However, certain happenings have changed my original plans. A year or so ago Henry and I quarreled, and I vowed that I would not give him my house. I have thought much about it since and almost decided to give in. My horrid pride simply wouldn't let me completely retract; so I chose this round-about way of gaining the ends I first desired. I was very careful to drop the beads down the well in order to prevent your finding them and spoiling my plans. I hope the jewels will take the place of the lost beads.

Yours truly,  
Father."

MARY BEALS, '25.

### MYSTERY INDEED

The taxicab stopped before a shabby little house in the narrow street. A man dressed in a long fur coat and a high silk hat stepped from the car followed by a rough looking fellow. They went to the door of the house, where the leader produced a key and let the other unlock the door. They went in and closed the door. Perhaps there is nothing myterious sounding about that but I had come out that morning to seek adventure. I immediately believed that

some intrigue lay behind this apparently innocent thing.

For sometime I heard and saw nothing. Then I heard a regular pounding as if some one were driving nails. Another long silence. Finally the door opened and the two came out bearing a long wooden box, just the shape of a coffin, which they loaded into the rear of the cab. They drove off, and I jumped into my coupe and followed them. They turned corner after corner, rapidly nearing the business section of the city. My state of mind and the atmosphere of the deserted street had made me really believe that something had happened. That coffin-shaped box!

The cab drew up in front of a big office building on the ground floor and second floor of which was a newspaper office. The driver stepped into the building only to come right out followed by two fellows equally rough looking. They carried the box into the building. I, on following, saw it taken into a press room. A friend of mine was on the staff of this paper. I requested that I should be shown through this particular press room.

To my relief, when the box was opened there packed in sawdust lay several inking rollers for the press. The rough looking fellows were only the janitor, the melter, and one of the cleaners. A mystery? Indeed!

K. P. RAUPACH, '27.

## Senior Section

### CLASS CELEBRITIES

Prettiest girl	Mary Munroe
Best looking boy	Thomas Doyle
Most popular boy	Robert Hills
Most popular girl	Isabel Swasey
Clown	Mildred Jedrey
Nut	Jack Callahan
So on	Mary Beals
usician	Bernard Phelan
Pest	Peter Pasukonis
Grandfather	Philip Ewing
Man-hater	Mildred Pickard
Woman-hater	George Christopher
Sait	Margaret Phelan
Artist	George Christopher
Vamp	Mary Woleyko
Sport	Bernard Phelan
Blusher	Harry Merson
	Elsie Hull, Honorable Mention
Bluffers	Mary Munroe and Philip Ewing
Colors	Pink and Green
Motto	"Abeunt Studia in Mores"

### WHAT THE POETS THINK OF OUR CLASS

Mary Beals	"Oh! I would be wild and free."
Natalie Brown	"I loathe that low vice, curiosity."
Jack Callahan	"Fool, to stand here cursing When I might be running!"
George Christopher	"Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous To use it like a giant."
Thomas Doyle	"Look! he's winding up the watch of his wit And by and by it will strike."
Philip Ewing	"Beware of entrance to a quarrel."
Mark Hayes	"He, their great Captain in days gone o'er."
Shirley Hale	"A farmer ought to do his best for every single seed!"



- 
- Thomas Henley "What probing deep  
has ever solved the mystery of  
sleep?"
- Robert Hills "I had to grin to think  
about  
The fun I had before they caught  
me."
- Elsie Hull "Sea-blue eyes that gleam  
and glisten  
Lips that sing—and you like to  
listen."
- Mildred Jedrey "Give me some music."
- Jennie Jianakountzos "Studious to  
please, yet not ashamed to fail."
- Harry Merson "Today I have grown  
taller from walking with the  
trees."
- Dorothy Merry "For the good are al-  
ways the merry,  
Save by an evil chance."
- Mary Munroe "And so, without another  
why or whether,  
I'll love you while my stitches  
hold together!"
- Alice Mullens "An' all the birds seemed  
singin'  
From the throat o' one sweet  
bird!"
- Peter Pasukonis "My salad days when  
I was green in judgment."
- Audrey Patterson "If you work, if  
you wait, you will find the place  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow."
- Margaret Phelan "Do thou, as thou art  
wont, repair my heart with glad-  
ness, and a share of thy meek  
nature!"
- Mildred Pickard "Let me but do my  
work from day to day."
- Beatrice Ricker "So live and laugh; nor  
be dismayed."
- Bertha Savory "If ladies be but young  
and fair  
They have the gift to know it."
- Robert Shaw "It's little that it matters  
So long as you're alive."
- Isabel Swasey "A hundred mouths, a  
hundred tongues  
And throats of brass, inspir'd  
with iron lungs."
- Mary Woleyko "Better late than never."
- Angie Wile "Can sweethearts all their  
thirst allay with strawberries?"
- Edmund Witham "And when a lady's  
in the case  
You know all other things give  
place."

## WHO'S WHO

Name	Nickname	Pastime	Appearance	Ambition	Favorite Expression
Mary Beals	None	Studying	Intellectual	To succeed	"Er—"
Natalie Brown	"Nat"	Talking	Amiable	To be a lifesaver	"What happened?"
Jack Callahan	"Jackie"	Looking for his bag	Spasmodic	To beat Nurmi	"Seen my student's bag?"
George Christopher	"Chris"	Athletics	Healthy	To enter professional foot-ball	"Is she, sir?"
Thomas Doyle	"Tommy"	Hiding Callahan's bag	Handsome	To be a bootlegger	"Oh, gee!"
Harry Merson	"Towhead"	Fishing for Callahan's bag	Lanky, but good-looking	To be an orator	"Yah"
Philip Ewing	"Phil"	Arguing with Munroe	Aggressive	To graduate	"As I've said before"
Thomas Henley	"Hoss"	Sleeping	Square	To join the cavalry	"My kingdom for a horse"
Mark Hayes	"Babe"	Athletics	Serious	To be collegiate	"Come to order"
Shirley Hale	"Shirlah"	Farming	Meek	To be intelligent	"By heck!"
Robert Hills	"Ignacy"	Cheering somebody	Self satisfied	To be a fireman	"Aw, lay off"
Elsie Hull	"Else"	Singing	Serene	To be an opera singer	"My Lord!"
Jennie Jianakountzos	"Jen"	Being silent	Unobtrusive	To be a school teacher	Never expresses herself
Mildred Jedrey	"Bill"	Bugs	Jolly	To be a clown	"Aw, gwan"
Alice Mullens	"Mul"	Selling stockings	Proud	To fill her hope-chest	"Gosh!"
Mary Munroe	"Chicken"	Arguing with Ewing	Pretty	To be a prize-fighter	"Hub!"
Dorothy Merry	"Dot"	Talking with Hills	Capable	To be married	"Aw no"
Bernard Phelan	"Handy"	Donating taxi service to Ewing and Munroe	Happy-go-lucky	To go faster than the other fellow	"Gee, I dunno"
Peter Pasukonis	"Pashu"	Being the goat	Simple	To be funny	"Yes, sir"
Margaret Phelan	"Peggy"	Taking care of her brother	Unassuming	To go to Normal School	----?
Mildred Pickard	"Milly"	Latin	Studios	To be a school teacher	"Got your Latin done?"
Audrey Patterson	"Pat"	Taking care of candy room	Lively	To run a candy store	"For crying out loud"
Beatrice Ricker	"Jack"	Getting the jitney	Studios	To know math.	"Oh Peggy!"
Bertha Savory	"Bebe"	Powdering her nose	Snappy	To be snappier	"Oh, my knee!"
Isabel Swasey	"Id"	Shouting	Loud	To talk louder than anyone else	"Hit it, Mark"
Robert Shaw	"Bob"	Arguing	Kiddish	To go to B. U.	"Golly!"
Edmund Witham	"Zeb"	Writing stories	Intelligent	To be popular with the ladies	"Still love me?"
Mary Woleyko	None	Vamping	Vampish	To marry a millionaire	"Lend me your vanity case?"
Angie Wile	"Angel"	Typewriting	Angelic	To write 100 words per minute	"Hullo yourself and see how you like it"

## Class Members

### MARY BEALS

Mary Beals is our scholar. She is one of the few who take down the spelling words and believe in early to bed, early to rise, etc. She was the leading character in our play and took her part exceptionally well. She wants to be an authoress.



### NATALIE BROWN

Natalie Brown is an amiable person who gets along with everyone. She likes to talk and fuss, but her fussing is not to be taken seriously. She is Editor-in-Chief of "The Tiger" and has labored hard to make this paper a success. We feel she has done so. She has developed literary tendencies this spring, an extra note-book being required to keep a record of the books she has read. She is really quite a student but doesn't like to have people think so.



### GEORGE CHRISTOPHER

"Chris" has been the mainstay of the football team for the past two years. He is the sort of fellow one likes to have for a friend, for despite his popularity he is quiet and unassuming.

### JOHN CALLAHAN

"Jackie" is one of the class athletes. He is certainly popular with the lower classmen, even though he has to put up with a lot from the senior bunch. He accepts it all in the spirit in which it is given, however.



### THOMAS DOYLE

Here is "Tommy" Doyle, the best looking fellow in our class. It is his dry humor which often keeps our classes from becoming monotonous. Besides being a "good-looker," he has honored the class by holding down the right field position on the baseball team.



### PHILIP EWING

"Phil" is the class grandpa, and he certainly acts the part, for the class could never do anything without first consulting him. His work in football and baseball has made him very popular, and he has shown some ability in leadership.

### SHIRLEY HALE

Hale is one of those Rowley commuters. He is very quiet and hates to make himself conspicuous. He played an interesting role in the Senior Play, however.



### MARK HAYES

"Babe" was president of the class, captain of the baseball and hockey teams, quarterback on the football team, commander in chief of the M. H. S. army, and what not? His record of leadership is rarely excelled by anyone, and we expect great things from him when he goes to Holy Cross.





THOMAS HENLEY

Henley's favorite topic is horses as can be seen from his nickname "Hoss." He can talk about the Old Gray Mare from morn till night and never tire. However, we all admire the persistency he has shown throughout his high school course.

ROBERT HILLS

Here is the "Big boy" of the class. He was captain of the football team; and the class voted him its most popular boy. He seems to get along with everybody; but he has a sense of humor which often gets him into trouble.



ELSIE HULL

Elsie sings in chapel and is manager of the Glee Club. We couldn't get along without her. She is very capable and helped us greatly in running our senior play and made a charming Cinderella in our Class Day play.

MILDRED JEDREY

Bill is our real musician. She plays hymns for us in chapel and jazz for us at parties. She can find a joke in almost everything and is something of a joke herself. She is always good-natured and for that reason is popular with her classmates.





### JENNIE JIANAKOUNTZOS

Jennie is a very quiet but industrious little miss. She always has her lessons done and everyone can rely on her. She walked 100 miles for an "M."



### DOROTHY MERRY

Dot Merry lives in Rowley; nevertheless she is very lively and entertaining. She doesn't mind living so far away because she has a very specchul means of transportation.

### HARRY MERSON

Harry is our big boy in size and mental capacity. He is the only real orator in our class, and, as you can see by his picture, he certainly has the distinguished appearance necessary to be a good speaker. Besides his abilities as a speaker, Merson also shines as an athlete, playing a whale of a game in football and also doing his share in high jumping. We all wish him success at Dartmouth.



### ALICE MULLENS

Alice Mullens is very talkative and entertaining. We have missed her from our class lately as she has been working at the hosiery shop, but we are glad that a member of our class can be so efficient. She has also marked ability as a singer.



MARY MUNROE

Mary Munroe is the prettiest girl of the class. She has also gained distinction as class bluffer. She is lively, good-natured, and fond of arguing, particularly with Phil. She had a part in the Senior Play and has been prominent in all our activities.

PETER PASUKONIS

Here is Passionate Passu, the pest. He was willed on us by Salem High last year, but even with his "pesty" ways, now that we have become accustomed to him, we could never get along without him. From the manner in which he played the part in the Senior Play, we believe that he will make a great mistake if he does not become a butler.



AUDREY PATTERSON

Audrey Patterson has only recently been made one of us, but we were all glad to welcome her. With the help of Isabel she has been very competent in handling the candy room. Her voice is second only to Isabel Swasey's in power and carrying ability.

BERNARD PHELAN

"Handy" is the farmerboy of the class; but even though he can tell you all about the eccentricities of the cow he is just as well acquainted with the "flivver." Everyone always calls on "Handy" when he wants a ride, for he is not a bit stingy with his car.



### MARGARET PHELAN

Peg is our class saint. She has a mild, even disposition, and never gets cross even with her brother. She wants to be a school teacher and instead of pitying the pupils, we envy them. She was an able business manager of the Senior Play.



### MILDRED PICKARD

Mildred is a very conscientious student. Her specialty is Latin and she intends to be a Latin teacher in the future. We hope her pupils will like it as well as she does.



### BEATRICE RICKER

Beatrice Ricker is another inhabitant of Rowley. She is quiet and always busy. Although she is not class saint, she was a very close second.



### BERTHA SAVORY

Bertha Savory is our fashion model. We find it hard to understand how one house can hold all her wardrobe. She is one of our musicians (we have quite a musical class) and the class has enjoyed her playing many times. She had a prominent part in both the Senior and Class Day plays.





ROBERT SHAW

We haven't heard much from Shaw yet, although we don't know why, for he seems to be just as clever as any of us. Despite his quiet ways, he made his letter as manager of the football team and had a part in the class day play. He is liked by all.

ISABEL SWASEY

Isabel is our most popular girl and a noisy one, too. She gets angry regularly with everyone in the class, but it doesn't take her long to get over it. She can certainly act, too, and had a prominent part in the Senior Play and also a part in the Class Day Play. She was one of the senior girls to receive an "M" for hiking 100 miles, 25 of which were accomplished in one day.



EDDIE WITHAM

Here's the fellow who always contributes more than his share in the feeding of "The Tiger." It seems to be as natural for him to write as it is to breathe. We hope that he will use his talent to good advantage. He certainly acted the leading part of a dapper little gentleman well in the Senior Play.

ANGIE WILE

Angie Wile is a demure little man-hater, but nevertheless finds time to typewrite and to study Burke. She might easily have led the class but lost her ambition during the sophomore year. She has been frequently selected, however, to fill positions outside as a representative of the commercial course.





## MARY WOLEYKO

Mary Woleyko is our class vamp and deserves honorable mention as an artist, for her drawings have attracted much admiration from us. She hopes to be a school teacher, and we wish her the greatest success.



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# Graduation Essays

## PATRIOTISM YESTERDAY AND TODAY

As we look over the events which happened on this continent almost a century and a half ago, and as we investigate the causes, direct and indirect, of the Revolutionary War, we as Americans even at the present time, can feel a thrill of pride for those men,—farmers, doctors, lawyers, all who took up arms to fight in a war which was to determine whether or not the liberties which they had always enjoyed as English subjects were to be taken from them. No cause could have stirred their English hearts to make them fight more furiously, more gallantly, more desperately than the questioning of their liberties. Even with so great a nation against them as England, with such a cause as this to fight for, we can little wonder why they won that war and established here upon this western hemisphere a government based upon the principles of freedom, of justice, of equality, which was to be for us, their posterity the greatest nation on earth.

Then followed a period of over eighty years of peace, broken only by one year of war with England, during which time our country's resources were developed, its territories expanded, and its government strengthened until 1860, Abraham Lincoln, that great genius of American history, took charge of the government which for over a year had been sadly neglected. With the help of his countrymen who were ready to give up their business and social activities, who were ready to fight against their own brothers, who were ready to die in order that the

union might be preserved, he piloted our country, against all adversities, through those four terrible years of Civil war, the greatest crisis through which this nation has ever passed. He was then repaid, at the height of his career, by being shot by a traitor and a lunatic; but he died knowing that the union which he had cherished since boyhood, and which he had pledged to uphold, still survived; and that the American people had demonstrated to the world that a government such as ours, "conceived in liberty and dedicated in the proposition that all men are created equal" could long endure.

Entering into a later period, the period of the great World War, a period whose heartaches and sufferings remain indelibly impressed on the minds of many here, we find that sons and grandsons of men who sixty years before had fought for the South, sons and grandsons of men who sixty years before had fought for the North, young and old, men and women, all Americans, natural and naturalized, united to suppress a great tyrant who threatened the liberties of many.

This was the patriotism of yesterday. What of the patriotism of today? What are we to do to carry on the work of our great forefathers? What are we to do to uphold the cause for which Washington fought and lived, the cause for which Lincoln fought and died, the cause for which thousands upon thousands of the cream of American manhood have paid the supreme sacrifice?

We can gain no honors in a war for Independence, or a war fought for the



purpose of preserving the union and freeing a part of suffering humanity. Earlier and far worthier hands have gained them all, but if our country should need us in time of war, let us rise up in her defense from the North, from the South, and from the West, with all the fortitude of those men of '76 with all the persistency of those men of '61, with all the gallantry of those men of 1916-18.

However, let us endeavor to make this an age of international peace whereby we can promote the works of peace and the arts of peace, by making America a leader in procuring it, as she is a leader not only in those material things of wealth, of trade, or of natural resources but also in the ideals of freedom, justice, truth, and right.

Then in that age of peace let us respect and use freely but with due consideration the privileges which we have inherited from our forefathers. We seem oftentimes hardly able to realize what these hundreds of privileges, which citizens of other countries do not have, really mean to us, or what they have cost our country's great patriots ever since its existence, for we see among us everyday people who say "I don't care whom it hurts or what it affects, I've got a right to do this" or "I've got a right to do that; so I'm going to do it." This certainly is not the spirit of patriotism. It is our duty as real American citizens, as true patriots working for the common good not to place so much emphasis on our rights and our liberties as on our duties to our country.

Because a few people in our country feel that a law interferes with what they believe to be their personal freedom, we find a growing tendency towards regarding those laws of which they do not approve as superfluous. It is our duty to obey the laws of our country in time of peace as much as it is a soldier's duty to stick to his post in time of war. This is a question which constitutes a real test of citizenship and patriotism. Let us not look upon laws as things which make our lives narrower and more restricted, which can be broken to fit any special case; but let us regard the laws of our country as principles which have been moulded by our ancestors, both remote and recent, into a massive granite-like structure, upheld and strengthened by the American people, adhering to the American soil.

In performing these duties, let us endeavor to cultivate a spirit of peace and harmony within the nation by living with and for the benefit of each other.

Let us look upon that trust of governing ourselves in its real significance. "Let us reverence our country's honor as if it were our own, and our own as if it were our country's." Let us uphold and upbuild the institutions of our country, develop its resources, promote all its great interests, and see if we cannot, in our day and generation of peace, perform some acts which we shall be proud to have generations yet unborn look upon.

Then having gained the world's supremacy, having procured world peace, having upheld their country in every way possible, Americans will be confronted with this question: Is the United States to follow in the wake of all those other countries who have been world powers, such as Italy, Spain, France, or even England, to flourish for a time only to die a gradual unhappy death, leaving to fill its place Russia, or the African race, or one of the Oriental races? Or is the United States to live on as a glorious, undying example of magnificence, of grandeur, of power, always before the eyes of the world as "the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

It is the American people of tomorrow who must answer through the lips of the boy and girl of today. The whole life, the whole future of America depends upon its young manhood and womanhood. They can be taught to do whatever Americans wish to teach them. Teach the American boy of today that fifty years from now he must fight France; and fifty years from now he will fight France. That is what Germany did. On the other hand, teach the American boy of today that fifty years from now his country must lead the world in peace, justice, and righteousness and fifty years from now that teaching will bear fruit in the realization of these ideals for America.

As for the future of America, no better advice can be given to Americans than that expressed by the words of the immortal Daniel Webster when he says: "Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let our ideas be extended over the whole vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be our country, our whole country and nothing but our country, and by the blessing of God may that country become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

HARRY MERSON.

## DUX FEMINA FACTI—A WOMAN WAS THE LEADER OF THE DEED

Centuries ago Virgil in his great "Aeneid" told how Dido, though a woman, was a leader of great deeds. Warned by the ghost of her murdered husband Sychaeus, the queen fled by night from her wicked, jealous brother Pygmalion. With a small band of followers she sailed from Tyre to northern Africa, where she bought land and founded Carthage. There she continued to be a leader of her people, ruling wisely and well.

Since the time when Virgil coined the phrase, "dux femina facti," it has been applicable to other women. Joan of Arc was a great leader, who at the head of an army turned defeat into victory and mourning into rejoicing. Her life story is familiar to everyone. We all know how the heavenly voices sent her to King Charles, who finally consented to let her lead the army; how she was victorious at Orleans; and how she saved the French from slaughter, only to be captured and killed, a martyr for her country. She was truly a woman leader.

Florence Nightingale may also be called a leader. She, as well as Joan of Arc, was on the battlefield, though not as a warrior. Even as a child she had been a nurse, caring for friendless kittens and wounded dogs. Now her tenderness was lavished on the sick and suffering soldiers. The men waited eagerly for her to come, like an angel of mercy, to care for them. Her great ability as a nurse brought her world-wide reputation, until others, following her example, formed camp hospitals such as hers had been.

Alice Freeman Palmer was a leader of still another type. As a teacher at Wellesley, and afterwards as president of the college, she was able to influence the characters of many, many girls, who went out to be women leaders in their turn. Her pupils loved and admired the quiet but forceful woman who taught them, the woman under whose leadership the college organization was completed and perfected. And her pupils truly mourned her sudden death in Paris.

Let me give just one more example. Francis Willard was as surely a leader in her field of work as Dido, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and Alice Freeman Palmer were in theirs. She chose to lead thousands of women in the great Temperance Union, to devote her life to bringing about a great reform. With

her fine motherly soul she played the part of a mother to all humanity.

But these are women of the past. What opportunities are there for the woman of the present? The world lies before her. She may try teaching, social work, business, politics, science, or medicine. In fact, she may now do nearly everything a man may do, while some professions are peculiarly her own.

Teaching and social work both offer a chance for women. A school teacher has, to my mind, a wonderful opportunity to lead others. It is a strange pupil who is not influenced in some way by his or her teacher. While a woman can do much in a public school, she can do even more in a social settlement, for there she must teach her pupils how to live. She must have great tact and sympathy and put her whole heart into everything she does if she would become a successful social worker. However, success will bring a great reward, for she will have led many different types of people to a better life.

Science and medicine are also two related subjects. A woman versed in science can find many things to do in a scientific laboratory. She may be given the work of analyzing the foods which the busy housewife buys. She may work out the formula for some new article which is to be put on the market. If she does not wish to lead others to good health by seeing that the food they buy is pure, she may wish to aid their health even more as a doctor. It is not too hard to study medicine, since other women have blazed the trail. A woman, though, is more likely to be a nurse than a doctor, for as a nurse she can use all her tenderness in alleviating suffering.

Business, perhaps, offers the widest range of possibilities. It is said that insurance work is an excellent field for women. A woman who shows others how to buy insurance which will help them in time of need is surely leading. Another attractive phase of business life is department store work. A woman starting as a clerk can, if she does her work well, soon rise to the head of a department. In such a position she has a chance to lead others and help them to rise. A girl who acts as a private secretary or in some other position of trust has just as great an opportunity to lead as the woman at the head of a department. Any woman, whether high or low in the business world, can lead many or few.

In politics, a woman has ever increas-

ing opportunities. Only recently a woman has been sent as an ambassador to Switzerland, and others have been elected governors of their states. Think of the leadership such women have! Other women have a part in their town government or even in their state government. Some day we may have a woman president.

Some time ago I saw a poem containing the words, "Beautiful child, beautiful girl, triumphant woman!" What is a woman leader but triumphant! And if through her even one person is brought into a better life, she is a woman who leads.

MARY BEALS.

### BOOKS AS EDUCATORS

There is hardly any phase of modern life so widely spread as the habit of reading. Almost everyone reads something whether it is the newspapers, fiction, dime novels, good literature, or fairy stories. Reading is certainly a good habit, too, if carried on in the right way. The point is that we should make the best selections from the great variety of material from which we have to choose. We can't read everything in a life time; so we should read what is worth while.

We should choose what books to read with carefulness and consideration. Some books may not be actually bad for us to read, but they are a waste of time if they do not set the mind to thinking, the imagination working, and the whole mental mechanism in motion. Of course there are times when we are too tired to concentrate on Shakespeare or Burke, and a little light reading is restful, but on the whole we are lazy if we do not read those books which at first offer some resistance but which later become valuable parts of our experience.

A book that is worth reading should be read slowly and conscientiously. We should not skip some passages of a poem because they are so imaginative that they are at first hard to understand, nor should we skip part of a book because it is involved, but we should take the time to picture the descriptions of the poet and reason out the statements of the author. Careless reading does more harm than no reading at all. As we read a book the question to ask ourselves is: "Does this book leave any kind of wholesome and kind feeling in my mind after I read it?" If the answer is negative, we must at once discontinue reading books of this kind. If the answer

is affirmative, we should continue to read the books with great earnestness, for we are gaining some valuable knowledge from them.

Books are educators. This is a well proved fact, for the well-read man is the successful man whether in business, politics, law, or science. Almost all of us realize that anything which is worth having must be earned and all may earn an education through the study of the great poets and writers.

Fiction teaches us habits of life and true morals which should influence our lives. Through Dickens and Thackeray we learn the customs and manners of the English people in all walks of life. Kipling teaches us of India and the odd habits of the natives. Through George Eliot's "Silas Marner" we are taught that sin brings retribution in proportion to the crime committed. Surely, to gain an education in such a way is the most enjoyable thing possible.

History, in informing us of the past, reveals to us the present and the future. We cannot hope to discuss the politics of our time if we do not know the events of the past. It is very interesting to observe the characteristics of the different men in Roman, European, and American history, and to notice the qualities peculiar to each. Some of us have the impression that Washington was immortal because he was not able to prevaricate as easily as some of us. However, when we enter into an actual study of his life we learn that he was as brave and manly an American as we have ever had. Gibbons in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" has given us the most complete account of Roman history that we have, and Carlyle through his "Heroes and Hero Worship" acquaints us with the lives of some of the world's greatest leaders.

Biography also can help us to guide our own lives through the actions of others. From the "Life of Abigail Adams" we learn that during the Revolutionary War John Adams did all he could to promote the cause of liberty and his whole life was spent in helping his country. In reading "Reminiscences of Julia Ward Howe" we learn that when the soldiers of the Civil War were tired and discouraged, she composed the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" which aroused new courage in them and inspired them on to victory. After studying White's "Woodrow Wilson" we know that he did all in his power to



conduct us through the late war with the least possible suffering and struggle. We may not hope to be as great as these people or do such things as they have done, but if we pattern our lives as nearly like theirs as possible, we may achieve some degree of success.

Then again if we have only five cents to our name, by reading books of travel we are taken from our own country and are made familiar with the beauties of other lands. We can hunt with Roosevelt in the African jungles, or travel with Captain Perry in Alaska. We can enjoy the thrilling experiences of the life of a Mexican, or we can fly across the Atlantic in an aeroplane to visit Venice where we may spend some beautiful evenings in a Venetian gondola. Education gained in this way is an unexcelled joy.

Through poetry Nature is revealed to us and we are uplifted by its pure thought and harmony. Milton takes us away from our every day thoughts to a land of imagination and beauty where we may learn the truths that he reveals, and appreciate the sublime pictures that he paints. Wordsworth inspires us to pursue the path of duty and tries to bring back "plain living and high thinking." We ought to read more poetry and take time to discover the hidden thought in each poem. When we become indifferent in our reading, we should think of these words which are sure to encourage us, of J. C. and A. W. Hare: "I have even gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but in my affections." Since human happiness is dependent on the cultivation of the mind and because books are the best educators we should gain our knowledge from them and profit by their teachings.

NATALIE BROWN

#### "ABEUNT STUDIA IN MORES"

Since we of the senior class of 1925 began our education we have been confined, more or less, to the same activities, the same interests, and the same studies through practically the same circumstances. Because of the companionship in these interests and studies, we have chosen as a motto for the Class of 1925, "Abeunt Studia in Mores"—Studies Change Into Habits.

Not only does this motto serve as a guiding star for us, but it also contains a tribute deep and sincere, to those who have instructed us and planned our studies so that we not only desire, but are zealously eager to change that which we have studied into our own habits.

In our different courses we have studied the development and progress of mankind from books and learned of the appellations by which we could designate periods of progress or change. As we study the great men and women of the ages, they lead us to conjecture how they changed their studies into habits. For example Aristotle, by changing his studies into habits, became a highly respected and a remarkable teacher to be remembered down through the ages. He studied under Plato; then he himself taught, a thing which he could not have done unless he his changed his studies into habits.

Then there are the great leaders in war, such as Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon. After extensive studying especially in military tactics, it became a habit for them to think in military terms and to lead great armies.

There is Tallyrand, the greatest diplomat the world has ever known. He put every minutest detail that he had studied and learned to practical use whenever he had the slightest chance, thus changing his studies into habits.

Dante, Shakespeare, George Eliot, and Stevenson by studying, became writers of renowned fame. They studied language and—what is more important—human nature until it became a habit for them to express themselves effectively and with truth.

There are also the scientists as Galileo, Pasteur, and Edison. After much studying they used every opportunity to change their studies into habits, and because they did this successfully, the world has profited by their discoveries and inventions and living conditions have been improved to a great extent.

We may not be able in any sense to equal the greatness of these men and women, but their lives do teach us that success and greatness do not come by accident and that only by diligent study and practice can habits be formed which are to determine our whole lives and characters.

How then may we make use of those studies which we have been pursuing for the last four years? Let us consider English for example. In our study of

the richest language on earth we learn good speaking and writing habits because we are daily called upon to speak and to write correctly. We have also learned, to our sorrow and demonstrated the fact that no amount of careful drill and training in good English habits in school can offset careless and lazy habits out of school. We need to be constantly on our guard if we are to make our study of English speaking and writing a habit.

As for the study of literature, the works of the masters how may we change this into habits? Perhaps this study is even more valuable than that of English grammar and composition, for by the study of the characters in literature, we may profit by their failures and successes and thereby form good living habits. Godfrey Cass in "Silas Marner" teaches us that we cannot sin without causing unhappiness to others, and that concealed sin will at length be brought to light. Sidney Carton, on the other hand, in "The Tale of Two Cities" teaches us the value of a life of unselfishness and of self-sacrifice. By the study of literature, therefore, we learn to apply the truths exemplified by the characters and thus to form good habits of character.

In the study of history and biography also,

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time."

Closely connected with history is the study of civics from which we may learn habits of good citizenship and of civic pride. A serious study of economies helps to form habits of thrift, a virtue which as the life of Benjamin Franklin demonstrates is of no mean importance.

Thus we could go on enumerating every subject which is offered in high school and show its possibilities for forming good habits. Not only in the class-room however, is the fact of our motto demonstrated; even in our recreation, in athletics, we have a concrete example of its truth. Through our participation in athletics we learn to form habits of good sportmanship, of cooperation, and of sacrificing individual interest for the good of the team, qualities which after they become habits are of inestimable value in securing success in life.

Having completed our studies at Man-

ning High School and received from them an equipment which has enabled and will enable us to change our studies into habits let us go on realizing that education in life for us has not ended, but just begun; that therefore, we can go on changing our studies into habits. Let our motto then be a guide and inspiration to the Class of 1925 through all the coming years. Let us take pride in it and testify to its truth by our own lives. "Abeunt Studia in Mores."

MARK HAYES

**HISTORY of OUR COLONY.** Founded at Manning Heights in the year 1921

In the month of September of the year nineteen hundred and twenty-one a new colony was founded in the country of Manning Heights.

We had our site all picked out, Plot I in the government lands for we had sent a skirmishing party ahead in the month of June to scout around for that purpose.

After having selected individual residences and settled down, we next assembled to choose a governor or president, and to that position we elected William Martel an active go-getter whom we were sorry to lose at the expiration of our first year.

There were many troubles during our first year. We were frequently attacked by tribes of savages known as Seniors and Sophomores and subjected to all kinds of indignities and cruel treatment in a chamber of horrors located underground.

Besides this, members of our colony were frequently wandering from the beaten path and becoming lost in the vast wilderness. One of our members, a Hardy youth was lost time and time again, and we had just about decided to tie a cowbell around his neck when he at last succeeded in finding himself.

Then, too, we were unused to the customs of the new land and our members were frequently falling into trouble owing to ignorance of them. But as a whole we worked hard and did our level best, and by the end of the first year our colony was firmly established, and we had accomplished much.

At the launching of our second year we lost our former governor, Martel, and we elected to his place, Reedy, who later turned out to be one of our great grid-iron warriors. By this time we were getting used to the change and our roughnecks (yes, I am bound to confess we had some) began to think less of law



and order than heretofore, and as a result there appeared more and more criminals in the stocks on Main Street to be gazed at and taunted by the public.

It was during this year that a terrible disease attacked our colony and those afflicted were forced by the Board of Health to be tagged with a sign on which was printed "I am lost." Henley was attacked several times and has been susceptible ever since as was evidenced the other day when he appeared at the French settlement with a sign on his back and was removed on account of it.

The next year we changed the site of our colony and were regarded as old settlers by the newer immigrants. During this active year of our history we were piloted under the firm and able hand of a female president, Miss Brown. There was a great deal of propaganda previous to the election, for although the female suffragists held the majority, we trusted that the manly looks of our candidate, Mr. Damon, would win the hearts and votes of the sentimental sex. Our expectations proved unfounded, however, for Miss Brown won by a large majority and certainly the success with which our settlement continued that year shows that Miss Brown was ably supported by all her subjects.

Another change that year was in our attitude towards new-comers. Being now firmly established and old settlers, we looked upon new immigrants with much animosity and we now played the part of the savage by subjecting them to the "third degree" in the old chamber of horrors which we now confiscated for ourselves.

During that year too, was celebrated a great pageant more properly called a promenade. In order to launch this affair successfully, a group of intelligent men and women were chosen as a committee. There was more or less scandal connected with the meetings, and graft and inefficiency were two of the charges which the committee had to meet but as I was a member myself I am able to guarantee that all our meetings, night and day were conducted in a perfectly business-like manner.

Then came our last and most active year. Day in and day out we have been extremely busy preparing to break up our colony and depart for new and unexploited lands. But just because we have been busy do not think that we have had no time for recreation and adventure. For example, we had been going

pretty strong and acting without due respect for law and order when the wrath of the Lord descended upon us. Divine vengeance followed swiftly and two of our number, Mr. Ewing and Mr. Phelan, received severe chastisement.

It was during the early part of this year that we produced a sleeping beauty in the person of Henley. There was only one difference between Henley and the real sleeping beauty—she was awakened by a handsome prince, Henley was awakened by the passing bell.

Early this spring we put on a great show for the benefit of the public. Of course this is done every year by the senior or older colonists but it was so much better this year than ever before that I just cannot help telling about it. It was a great success financially, too, the net profits amounting to about 165,000,000,000 marks more or less. The people who had the opportunity of seeing the performance have often commented upon its excellence but if they wanted to gaze upon genius unrestrained they should have attended some of our rehearsals. Merson and myself could have run Mutt and Jeff, Ham and Bud, or any other "Plus" and "Minuses" out of business, Miss Swasey had Houdini beat all hollow when it came to magic, (she used to revive Miss Beals from fainting fits with an ink bottle), and when it came to Boob McNutt you should have seen Pasukonis!

Shortly after this we were treated to an eclipse of the sun. As many people could not afford the time or expense to journey to Connecticut to see it, some ingenious person (I think it was Doyle,) arranged a mechanical device in our city by means of which unsuspecting people could see (or feel) the phenomena in spite of the distance from the main scene of action. For further information you are requested to observe the damage wrought to and about the windows of our city.

During the first part of May we held a great international athletic meet against all the surrounding nations. We prepared diligently for this day for many weeks but were defeated by the Winthrop people. We came off glorious in defeat however as was evidenced at the stadium on Market Street, when, led by our dazzling choir leader, Mr. Ewing, we broke forth into the strains of "How-do ya do" and congratulated our victors.

Perhaps you will not believe that we trained very assiduously, but if you had

seen Doyle, Christopher, Ewing, Hills, and Hayes guns on shoulders, marching day in and day out and sacrificing the time that they so much wanted to put in to study, you would agree with me.

Marriage and divorce have taken their toll in our colony as in every other, I suppose. I ought therefore to mention the most celebrated of our colony who have contemplated or are contemplating entrance into the matrimonial realm. Among the most recent marriages were those of Mr. Ewing and Miss Munroe, and of Mr. Phelan and Miss Merry. I am requested by my brother and sister citizens to give them our best wishes for a happy and prosperous union. I am forced also to mention with regret the divorce case of Mr. and Mrs. Merson, nee Natalie Brown. Rumor mentions a co-respondent but I think the court granted Mr. Merson his divorce papers on the ground of cruel and abusive treatment.

Recently the young ladies of our city decided to hold knitting parties every Thursday night and the boys decided to go to hold the yarn for them. Of course we were pretty green at first, indeed so green that when one of the young ladies exclaimed, "I've dropped a stitch!", I very politely volunteered to hunt for it and did so for about fifteen minutes before the laughing told me that there was a joke in it somewhere.

But now I must close this history for our colonists feel once more the unconquerable call of the American pioneer, and therefore find it necessary to disband that we may go forth into newer and unexplored lands. In closing, and as we part, let me express the hope that our future history will be as happy and successful as this of our four past years.

EDMUND WITHAM

### GIFTS TO GIRLS

A short time ago I went to consult the well known fortune-teller, Mrs. Hokus Pckus Hoo-Doo, concerning some appropriate gifts for the girls of the Class of 1925. You can see for yourself, therefore that the very valuable and useful gifts which I am about to present the girls were decreed by the unerring hand of fate in the guise of a fortune-teller.

I gave the prophetic names of the girls, and with no hesitation she began, "Mary Beals is a very studious young lady. Give her a wheelbarrow so she may carry her books around with more ease." (wheelbarrow)

The next name on the list was Natalie Brown. The old gypsy looked at me and giggled. "Natalie loves?—literature. She reads vast stores of books. I am confident that this bookworm will prove to be a congenial companion." (worm)

Then the old woman said, "My clairvoyant gift tells me that Elsie Hull is your class soloist. Give her this voice (s) trainer so that she may irrigate her voice." (small bottle of punch)

The old hag paused awhile and then continued in a sterner tone, "Mildred Jedrey should follow her father's profession and become a policeman, or rather a police lady when she leaves school. Here is a billy club. She may begin practice early on Ewing." (billy club)

"I can see by the name of the next person, Jennie Jianakountzos, that that individual is a good girl. Tell her to avoid that tomboy, Isabelle Swasey, and give Jennie this medal for good behaviour."

Then the old gypsy took me into her confidence and said, "Do you know that Dorothy Merry is in constant danger of getting lost in Pine Swamp? Give her this flashlight so that she may never be "Phelan" to find her way."

She uttered a rasping cough and continued, "Give Mary Munroe this dish pan to fill up (Philip) her hope chest."

"I am sorry for Margaret Phelan because she has to wait and wait for her brother's private jitney, namely, 'The Lightning Despatch' to take her home nights after school. Give her this donkey as a means of conveyance. She will be home before her brother has learned not to throw erasers in school and other necessary points in school discipline."

"Audrey Patterson," my never-failing crystal tells me, "is rather lazy. She hates to walk upstairs. Give her this private elevator to take her up." (tack)

The old gypsy looked puzzled. Then she left the room, but returned almost immediately and said, "My trusty Ouija board informs me that Mildred Pickard does not take enough exercise. Here is a rocking-horse modelled after the presidential steed of the same species. By means of this she can study and exercise at the same time."

"Alice Mullens is rather fond of poetry. Give her this book of Whittier's 'Assorted Poems.'"

The old lady got up and walked around for awhile. Then she said to me, "When the Ipswich to Rowley unlimited, over-

loaded jitney breaks down, Beatrice Ricker has to walk home. I hope this package of Allen's Foot-ease will prove useful."

Then I heard the old gypsy chuckle. "Ah, Isabelle Swasey, that old rascal. I hear she is class baby. But I'm sure she cannot fill the position without the help of some local coloring. Give her this large baby carriage (small one) and a rattle so she may make some noise. Da! Da!"

"Bertha Savory alas! likes to watch something thrilling and exciting. Just let her see this hold-up." (suspenders)

"Give Angie Wile this book of Cross Word Puzzles and see if she can do them as fast as she can typewrite.

"Mary Woleyko loves curls. Give her this (Farina) so she may see how it is done."

With this final suggestion the fortune-teller concluded. After paying the charge of five dollars which she demanded, I started home wishing the girls of 1925 a happy future and also wishing that I had my money back.

THOMAS DOYLE.

#### GIFTS TO BOYS

Seated one night at the radio,  
I was weary and sore distressed.

For gifts for the boys of '25  
I was indeed hard pressed.

Suddenly while in this fix  
I heard a voice say,

"River Styx—  
Station H. A. D. E. S."

Then it continued slow but clear,  
And the following words came to my ear.

"When underwear flies through the air  
And senior girls are shocked,  
Give Jackie a box with key attached  
So he may keep his locked.

"Christopher is the class artist  
And possesses a gift immense.  
If no other subject presents itself,  
He may use this on the old back fence.  
(whitewash brush)

"To Tommie Doyle I must confess  
And you, too, perforce must feel  
That he needs this injunction,  
Beware! 'Thou Shalt Not Steal'!  
(Framed motto)

"You remember Ewing's accounts were  
slightly mixed

When he returned from town.  
This book may save him similar troubles  
If he'll jot his expenditures down.  
(expense book)

"At the rate poor Hale is going  
His tongue will never last.  
Give him some molasses candy  
So he won't talk so fast.

"Hayes is a hard proposition  
He is no joke you see,  
But this loving cup from Woolworth's  
Will express your loyalty.

"To your dear little sleeping beauty  
(Henley)  
You may give this comfortable bed  
So that when he becomes too drowsy  
He may rest his weary head.

"Hills in cheer leading at ball-games  
Has filled his friends with elation.  
Give him a baton to cheer him on  
And show your appreciation.

"Now you didn't elect a class orator  
But you will all agree I am sure  
That this little soapbox suits Merson  
And that nothing will suit him more.

"Passionate" Pasukonis  
Might possibly add to his fame  
By reading this little volume  
Entitled, "What is there in a Name?"

"Phelan is class musician  
He plays just like a fairy,  
To him present this instrument  
To help him to get 'Merry.' " (violin)

Little girls wear dresses.  
Shaw says, "Boys do too."  
To please him, then, present him with  
That dainty one of blue.  
To that poor little boy they call Eddie  
Give this candy he loves so well  
In return for all that was captured  
Just after the recess bell.

So thanks to his voice from the River  
Styx  
Which got me out of this awful fix,  
I now had gifts for every one

And my class-day part at last was done.  
I was, however, nearly dead  
So I heard him sign off, then went to bed.

MARY MUNROE.



## CLASS PROPHECY

Fifteen years have passed since the memorable graduation day, when the Class of 1925, my class, received their "tickets of leave" from high school. The years have passed quickly and to me they have been prosperous ones. During the fifteen years of District Nursing, I saved for the time when I could travel and take a vacation. At last it came, and I am going to tell you about the exciting trip around the country from which I have just returned.

The first move in preparation was to find some means of locomotion. Do you remember years ago the universal car, the Ford? You see one even now occasionally. I read recently in the "Traveler" that a Shirley Hale of Rowley sold these machines, first, second, and third hand. I decided to investigate and see if he had anything that would appeal to me. I took an electric car to Rowley. (By the way with the growth of Ipswich to a city, trolley cars had returned.)

Without much trouble I found Mr. Hale but, to my dismay, not one of his machines fitted me or my pocketbook. He agreeably offered to build one for me, however, while I waited. He disappeared behind the garage and returned in an hour with a composite structure reared out of the bottom part of a Ford, a Franklin Engine, Pierce Arrow lights, and four wheels, of which no two were mates. He then proceeded to secure tires to fit the wheels and worked over the mechanism for a while. Again he went out and this time returned with a long tin bathtub which he and his helpers adjusted on the wheels. There were two seats, one in front of the tub and one at the rear. An umbrella, much dilapidated, was fixed over the driver's seat while the other was exposed to the wind, sun, and rain.

It was completed after a while, and I drove home in it, showered by rocks which flew from the road because there were no mudguards and driving with a wheel which resembled that of a baby carriage. It kept its balance very well considering, except that in going around corners it was very apt to slew a trifle, and going down steep hills it nearly turned end over end. It turned out to be musical in the bargain and emitted sounds resembling those of a whole jazz orchestra. I reached home safely, however, and somewhat pleased with my

purchase, started to paint it with whatever colors I had available. In the end anyone might have taken "Arabella," as I christened it, for a rainbow, but then I didn't worry because it went!

After a week of preparation I started upon my journey. At the end of the day, my watch dog, "Chasam" and I found ourselves on the outskirts of Springfield, Mass. I entered the city and after looking around for a boarding house, I found a neat-looking one and ventured in. In the vestibule was a "No dogs allowed" sign; so I left my dog outside to guard "Arabella" and went into the next room. To my surprise the boarding mistress who was no other than Mildred Pickard, came toward me. I recognized her at once but it took her some time to remember who I was. (I had grown thin, you know.) We talked about old times until late at night, and the next morning I started on my way again promising to write to her.

My mongrel Ford and watchdog behaved nicely all day. I stopped at noon outside the city of Hartford at a restaurant with the sign "Callahan's Famous Ipswich Fried Clams," emblazoned in large, artistic letters on the windows. The sign made me homesick; so I went in and ordered a meal of my home town product. I was promptly cured of my home-sickness when Jack Callahan advanced to serve me. I enjoyed that meal, for Jack was the same old scout in spite of the added cares which clam frying had developed upon him.

"Arabella" refused to move when I got into New York State; so I had to walk to a garage to get gasoline. Philip Ewing greeted me with a greasy hand and took me back to "Arabella," reposing by the roadside. He directed me to a lodging house for the night and two days of my vacation were gone.

Starting from Albany with Phil's good wishes, I reached New York city about noon. Having a few minutes leisure time I stopped at a newsstand and not getting excitement enough from my experiences with "Arabella," I purchased a current copy of the most hair raising variety of short-stories on sale. I had not read far in the copy when I discovered that Eddie Witham was the editor of the magazine and the writer of most of the stories. On further investigation I learned that he was supporting a Ford coupe from the proceeds realized on the sale of his stories.



The next day we were going through the city part of New York down Broadway. The large show windows, buildings, and people drew my attention from driving and I didn't care if I did hold up traffic. I wanted to see all there was to see. Something happened! I stalled "Arabella" and stared. There in the most congested district stood Harry Merson (two feet taller) directing traffic. I kept on staring. The noise of drivers, vendors, horns, and whistles did not rouse me. Finally in exasperation he came over to me and began delivering an oration and hurling uncomplimentary epithets at me and "Arabella." My good natured response was to hold out my paw and saw, "Hullo, Harry. Don't you remember me? Why you used to sit in the N. B. seat up in the Conversation Corner in Room 4."

"Why, you're Bill, aren't you?" He then apologized sweetly but we had to stop talking soon after because the crowd became so large and the commotion so great that "Arabella's" life was endangered; so I drove on.

"Arabella" the next day conducted me and my dog to Pennsylvania. Nothing happened in my travels over the state during the next few days until I reached Philadelphia. Here I put "Arabella" in a garage and checked my dog and took a trolley car to the shopping district. Half a day I spent wandering around. In one store, a bookshop, I found Elsie Hull seated on a high stool reciting Burke's Speech while she dusted the set on the shelf. She came down off of her perch and shook hands with me. She then told me she had never got over the effect of having to learn Burke's Speech.

After "Arabella" had recovered from her rest I again cranked her up and started for Cleveland, Ohio. The next day found my dog harnessed to "Arabella" and me pushing it from behind into the state. She had not recovered very well from her nap.

At Cleveland I went into a drug store for some medicine for my dog who was quite ill from the heat and strain. Bertha Ivory was the pharmacist who filled my prescription. She informed me that this was only one of the stores in the United States which she owned and that she had just completed a new style compact for cosmetics. She gave me one as a souvenir and I started for Michigan.

The next stop was at Detroit, the automobile city. I drove up one street

and down another looking the city over, including factories and show rooms. One thing caught my eye "Shaw Motor Co., Robert Shaw, Pres." I was curious; so I went in to look over the "Shaw" motors. A salesman showed me around while I questioned him about the owners of the shop. I went into the main office and there was the same "Bob" Shaw, a little grey-haired but very easily recognized. He knew me at once and offered me a "Shaw" with which to finish my trip, but abandon "Arabella"—Never!

Having no map nor direct route, we traveled the next two days through cities, stopping now and then to rest and eat, until I reached Chicago.

Chicago! I was there before I realized the fact. One thing I was bent on seeing—the place where pigs were slaughtered and where leather was made.

On the second day therefore of my stay in Chicago I went to visit these places. The leather factory was one owned by a T. Doyle. One room was filled with leather school bags and I saw one labeled "Modelled after one owned by Jack Callahan." I decided I wanted to get a glance at this T. Doyle. It took a long while to gain an admission to the inner sanctuary of his office but I did at last and found him very approachable considering his lofty position. He even invited me to go to the Opera that night with him. I did so but recalling his propensity for taking things which did not belong to him I kept tight hold of my pocketbook and valuables. He might have reformed but I wasn't going to take any chances.

I didn't stop again until I got to San Francisco,—that is I didn't intend to but the temptation was too much. I stayed a day or two in the large cities toward the west.

At St. Louis I ran into a circus,—Barnum and Bailey, Ringling Bros., and as I had not seen a circus for fifteen years I decided to go. I spent the night on the outskirts of the city on a bed of pines with my watchdog guarding my property. The next afternoon found me in the Big Show of the circus. After the show I was insulted. Yes, insulted! They asked my permission to let them have my dog in the side show for a freak! And for ten dollars! Not for \$1000 would I sell my dog in spite of his funny looks.

I went into the side show to see the freaks and had a terrible time chasing "Chasem" my dog who had the habit

of chasing people. But he finally became subdued. I think he must have known they had called him a freak. When things became a little quieter, whom do you suppose I saw there? Beatrice Ricker, the woman with the longest hair in the world. It was just to her waist but everybody else's was bobbed, so that accounted for the freakish nature of hers.

I left soon after and went to "Arabella." I couldn't find her! Had someone taken her? But no; she had only rolled peacefully down a hill and into an arbor to keep out of the hot sun. I suppose the mosquitoes bothered her.

I remember the next place I went to was Denver, Colorado. Within the city "Arabella" from want of water started to steam; so I went into a house beside the road to get some water. A man brought some out to me by request and it was George Christopher, a prosperous miner. He invited me in but as I could not spare any more time, I continued on my journey.

The next few days found me travelling full speed ahead toward Salt Lake City where I wanted to go in swimming. For that purpose I took "Arabella" and my dog to the lake. About an hour later we came out refreshed, and there it was that I met Mary Munroe trying out an invention to take the salt from the Lake. She was too busy to spend much time talking with me.

While traveling through Arizona I stopped at a ranch called "Le Cheval," to refresh "Arabella," my dog and myself with a drink. The housekeeper was very kind and in the course of the conversation a cowboy came in. He was short of stature but athletically built. He spoke to me at once and called me by name.

"Well, Bill, you're a long way from home; let me show you my horses and ranch." It was "Hoss" Henley speaking.

I next turned "Arabella's" nose toward Texas because I had heard of Dallas and I wanted to see the place. So there I went.

Again "Arabella" left me in the lurch within the city gates and I had to board a trolley car to reach my hotel.

I awoke in the middle of the night with the unpleasant tang of smoke cutting my throat. Cries, yells, horns, and the splashing of water brought me to the realization that something was happening. I jumped out of bed, put on a

robe, and went to the window. The air was unbearable. I broke the glass in the window and leaned out. A ladder was being pushed up the side of the house—my senses were leaving me—I could just visualize a cloaked figure ascending to me. Then I fainted.

The world acted funny and I was traveling around in circles.

"She's coming to now, I think," said a voice in the distance.

I opened my eyes and gazed around the room in which I found myself. A little short man with a goatee, Dr. Mark Hayes, was bending over me. With a jerk I sat up and there too was my old friend Hillsie in the red cloak of a fireman looking at me. That was enough to bring me to. Mark informed me that it had been Chief Hills who had saved me. In the pleasant reunion that followed I almost forgot that I had nearly burned to death.

My next stop over was at San Francisco where I spent a few days. While I was driving through the city trying to find a lodging, a familiar voice was heard.

"Hold your pivot! Forward March!" And there coming around the corner dressed in red, white, and blue was a portly figure whom I at once recognized as Isabel Swasey, followed by a parade of women. Here and there through the crowds were banners, "Vote for Natalie Brown for president," "Let the women do it," etc. Again the girls of our class were out to win against the sterner sex. My visit there ended abruptly because my vacation was fast being spent and I wanted to visit so many other places.

I traveled along the coast and through the mountains, up hill and down. "Arabella" did nobly but at the end of the journey became tired and I had to hire a horse and team to pull me into Portland, Oregon. While necessary repairs were being made on "Arabella," I looked around the city. I visited a large music conservatory where I found Mr. Phelan and his sister teaching music. Mr. Phelan told me that he wrote "Comic Operas" between times and offered to take me to one while waiting. I went and it was really good, considering.

After "Arabella" had been repaired, I put her on board a ship and sailed for Vancouver Island. My dog was seasick all the way over and I had to have a doctor and two nurses to take care of him. When I reached the Island I took "Arabella" ashore and my poor dog to the



hospital. "Arabella" and I travelled all over the Island and what do you suppose happened?

I was riding along looking at the scenery when a big foreign made limousine manned by a chauffeur and two footmen dashed by me covering "Arabella" with dust. I was insulted. To my surprise, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, sat Dorothy Merry in the rear seat. As I drove by she cast withering glances at me from a gold lorgnette. A distinguished gentleman in fashionably cut clothes and tall silk hat was beside her. A little boy of about three years, pointing at "Arabella," was just remarking to the aforementioned gentleman, "Papa, buy me one of those," when I angrily stirred up all the dust I could and succeeded in passing them.

When I got back, my dog had recovered so we sailed to Canada. I thought it would be a good plan to go to Alaska first and then come southward and go home.

In Alaska I visited many towns and cities but as "Arabella" caught quite a cold, I had to leave, but before I reached the border I stopped at a large college to investigate their methods of education. It was a utopian school with Mary Beals a regular installed instructor.

I traveled slowly because of "Arabella's" cold but reached Hudson Bay a few days later. I went out for a ride and saw a very familiar face, that of Pasukonis. He was fishing in the Bay. Poor Fish.

I started now on my homeward journey and planned to reach Manitoba by night. Just outside of the city I saw an immense farm. It was called the "J. J." farm and sure enough, I saw Jennie Jianakountzos manipulating a motor tractor on her own farm. She very kindly kept us all night.

The next day found us on our way to Montreal. "Arabella" must have known we were going home because her spirits picked up and we traveled like the wind. I even got chased by a motor cycle cop and got arrested but was allowed to resume my homeward journey the next day. At Montreal, Sunday being the day on which I arrived, I attended church. I went into a beautiful, large cathedral, and Alice Mullens, the soloist there, sang me to sleep with "The Lost Chord." I was awakened after church by the janitor and went to dinner with Alice who was outside waiting for me.

The following day I was on the last

lap of my journey and reached Boston before I knew it, and "Arabella," who had worked so hard, collapsed just as I reached Chelsea. I was forced to abandon her and boarded a one man car run by Angie Wile.

I took a train home from the North Station and reached Ipswich very much exhausted but happy from the experiences of meeting all my old classmates once more. Audrey Patterson met me at the train. She had been substituting for me in my absence. After "Chasem" had been put to bed, we talked far into the night of the talented and successful class of 1925.

MILDRED JEDREY.

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#### CLASS WILL

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Be it Remembered that we, the class of 1925 of Ipswich in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

#### TO THE FRESHMEN

Item: The privilege of sitting across the hall from the seniors.

Item: The honor of realizing that they are not the "numbest" things in school.

Item: To the freshman baseball team ten pounds of growing feed.

Item: The right to baffle the seniors in their attempts to speak in foreign languages.

#### TO THE SOPHOMORES

Item: The privilege of becoming upper classmen.

Item: The right to think that they someday will be seniors.

Item: The privilege of decorating for the senior class-day and reception and paying the bills for the same.

Item: The privilege of picking class colors. We suggest black and blue to remind them of the many knocks they have received.

#### TO THE JUNIORS

Item: The honor of being dignified and respected seniors.

Item: The privilege of seeing that the freshmen are made thoroughly familiar

with the "customs" of the school.

Item: One burglar alarm for the back door of Room IV.

Item: The privilege of conducting the music in chapel. We suggest Ryan and Wile.

Item: The right to select a cast for their play.

To Mamie Adelman, position of first violinist in the school orchestra, recently held by our classmate "Bun" Phelan.

To Evelyn Allen, one shorthand machine so that she may always have her work done first.

To Albert Avery, one latest improved model head guard to protect him from his frequent "clubbings."

To Stanley Bartniski, one set of Daily Dozen Reducing Records.

To Madeline Bailey, a position in a pastry shop making doughnuts, as she has had good practice in that respect in arranging her coiffure.

To Annette Boulais, a front seat in Room IV.

To Lawrence Chase, one catcher's outfit so that he will not have to chase for the things he gets.

To Desmond Dillingham, the privilege of shining the desks in Room IV as he has had experience in a furniture store.

To John Grant and Stanley Emerson, the privilege of washing the boards in Room IV.

To Florence Brown, a little bit of "Pep."

To Earl Ewing, one accelerator so that he will get out of school in less time than it took his brother.

To Lucy Brown, the honor of running the candy room next year.

To Virginia Critchley, one pair of rubber heels so that when she comes in late nobody will notice her.

To Catherine Cameron, one "Grose" of glasses so that she can "Seymour."

To George Greenberg, a chauffeur's license and the privilege of taking any one girl in the senior class to ride.

To Earl Hardy, we leave one day of twenty-four hours so that he may do his homework and not let the teachers get the impression he is lazy.

To Marian Cummings, a Ford so that people will know she is coming.

To Helen Davis, we leave "Id" Swasey's conversation seat in Room IV.

To Minerva Dunbar, an auto so that she will not have to ride a bicycle, hoping that this will help her to gain weight.

To George Hayes and Robert Emerson, the honor of representing Manning

on the track.

To Anna Grant, a clapboard to take the place of her shingle.

To Antolena Kmiech, a book on the latest fashions of hairdress.

To Ruth Lord, we leave the privilege of offering sensible suggestions in class-meetings.

To Francis Ryan, one compass so that when he goes home late at night he will not go astray.

To Thomas Jianakountzos, one voice softener so that he will not frighten the freshman.

To Gertrude Lovell, the song entitled, "When I Look Into Goo-Goo's Eyes."

To Hazel Manzer, one dozen report cards so that the teachers will have room for her marks.

To Lincoln Hayes, one gross of excuse forms, so that it will not take her mother's valuable time writing out excuses.

To George Marlin, the right to organize a debating society with the understanding that he will not start any more debates with the girls in class-meetings.

To Lois MacDougall, a free membership to the Odd Fellows so that she may have three "Lincs."

To Ruth Norman, one package of Diamond Dye.

To Robert Minchin, the honor of carrying the ball for the winning touchdown in the Manchester Game.

To Ausin McCarthy, the right to help his classmates when they are unable to do their bookkeeping.

To Ruth Mighill, a speedometer so that she may live up to her name.

To Mary Pasukonis, the right to have her brother tutor her when studying "Macbeth."

To Helen Sullivan the position formerly occupied by "Bill" Jedrey, that of playing the piano every morning in chapel.

To Herbert Morrill, one package of life-savers to be used at his own discretion.

To Francis Morong, a sign "Private Property" providing the one on his desk wears out.

To Olive Pace, a book entitled "How to Keep Pace With the Times."

To Barbara Pickard, one step ladder so that she will not have to be lifted into the bus.

To Edward MacDonald, one baseball so that he may practice all summer and then be able to pitch shut-out games for Manning next spring.



To Leonora Pollard, a permanent wave.

To Dorothy Williams, one fishing pole and the hope that she will catch something more than a "Frog."

To Everett Smith, one high chair.

To Miriam Paine the book entitled, "The Call of the Wild (Wile)."

To Elizabeth Stone, one set of mirrors, front and rear, so that she may be sure her hair is all right.

To Lawrence Wile, a license to start a "Chicken" farm.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will this 24th day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five.

#### Class of 1925

On this 24th day of June, A. D. 1925, Class of 1925 of Ipswich, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be their last will and thereafter as witnesses we three at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other hereto subscribe our names.

ROBERT D. HILLS.

MARK HAYES, President

NATALIE BROWN, Vice President

## ALUMNI NOTES

### 1921

William Hayes is graduating from Holy Cross and is planning to enter Harvard Law.

### 1922

Seward Tyler is married to Miss Marguerite Williams of South Natick.

Rosamond Reilly is graduating from Salem Normal.

### 1923

Nancy Homans is married to Mr. Everett Reed of Summerville.

Ruth Brown is graduating from the two year course at Salem Normal.

Anita Daniels is graduating from Salem Normal.

### 1924

Margaret Hawksworth is graduating from Howard Seminary and is planning to go to college in the fall.

Vera Blaisdel has spent a successful year at Posse Gym.

Willmot Hall is working at Bixby's.

## EXCHANGES

The end of the year, the school year, is about to close. We have received many interesting exchanges and wish to thank those who have contributed.

"The Eastoner" from Oliver Ames High School, North Easton, Mass. is a welcome number. The jokes are good, and every department is complete. The "Home Industries" was very interesting. Hope to see you again next year.

The "High School Breezes" from West Newbury, Mass. This paper has improved a great deal and the Literary Department is very good. Come again.

From Essex County Agricultural School at Danvers, Mass. comes the "Green and White" full of interesting stories and jokes. The Alumni is very complete.

We also received school papers from Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass. "The Chronicle," from Troy, N. Y. "Rensse aer Polvtchnic," from Pontiac, Michigan, "The Tomahawk," from Canso, Nova Scotia, "Twigs from the Canso High School Tree."

## CLASS NOTES

### Freshman Class Notes

The freshman class is represented this quarter in hiking by Althea Howe and Margaret McKinnon.

The stairs leading from the stage are seemingly very slippery. Two girls skidded and were told to report at three-thirty. Their mothers didn't see them until five-thirty. A boy slipped but was consoled because he cried. "Watch your step" is the girls' motto now.

All the members of the class participated in a spelling contest for the exhibition. The teacher invited their parents and loving friends.

O. RYAN, '28.

### Junior Class Notes

The most important event of this quarter was the annual junior "prom," which was held at the Red Men's Hall, April twenty-eighth. It was a success both socially and financially. The hall was prettily decorated with our class colors of red and white. The decorations did credit to our class artists, Earl Ewing, George Marlin, and Lincoln Hayes. The music was furnished by Potter's Perfect Players.

Our class is well represented in baseball this year by the following: E.

Ewing, A. Avery, E. MacDonald, A. McCarthy, E. Smith and G. Greenberg.

### Sophomore Class Notes

The sophomores have been quiet and thoughtful this term. Why? Without a doubt we have been considering whether or not we shall be able to call ourselves upper classmen in the fall.

With all this rush of make-ups, special work, and such, little time has been spared for social activities.

Nevertheless the class has been well represented in athletics by both girls and boys. The group of girls to receive letters for hiking are as follows: E. Glover, B. Lester, V. Jianakountzos, M. Lucey, E. Gove, V. Hamilton, and L. Gordon.

Our letter men in track are Hayes and Connors.

R. Shepherd, R. Lord, and P. Raupach were representatives of the Sophomore Class in baseball this season.

## SOCIAL NOTES

### Boy's Week

According to the custom established last year we celebrated Boy's Week the week of May 4th. Although the institution was still called "Boy's" Week, the girls participated in almost every event. On Thursday the girls marched with the boys, and on Friday afternoon the Junior High and High School went to the Opera House where they listened to interesting lectures. Saturday afternoon the younger boys competed in interclass races. Then Manning had a return meet with Newburyport. This week is growing to be a bigger and better week and I am sure the citizens of Ipswich begin to realize the good derived from it.

### The Cantata

The Cantata "The Earl King's Daughter" took place on Wednesday evening, May 13. It was the first thing of this kind ever attempted by the school and was a "howling" success, although some of the boys wanted all the credit even when the Glee Club sang.

### Address

One of the interesting things that occurred during the last quarter was an address given by Major Wilbur of the "Citizens Military Training Camps." He explained to us the meaning of these camps and their purpose.

### Memorial Day

We observed Memorial Day in the usual fashion accompanying the soldiers from the town hall to the assembly hall where the exercises took place. For our part of the program Laura Gordon re-

cited "Memorial Day" written by Annette Wynne, Francis Morong recited "Decoration Day" by Julia Ward Howe, Virginia Critchley recited "No More the Thunder of Cannon" by Julia C. R. Dorr, Palmer Raupach recited "The Reveille" by Bret Harte, and Harry Merson gave the "Gettysburg Address." Then Mr. Bamford and Mr. MacInnes gave interesting talks to the students.

### Exhibition

Exhibition was held at the Town Hall Thursday and Friday, June 18th and 19th. For the High School's part Mrs. Lord's freshman Latin class gave the derivations used in the Preamble of the Constitution. This was very interesting and gave us a chance to see how many of our English words are derived from the Latin. Miss Richard's freshmen from the hall gave a spelling match and although they are just freshmen there was some keen competition. The shorthand and typewriting class under the skilful direction of Miss Erma Brown, transcribed, took dictation, and typewrote. The audience was asked to give dictation to the class.

The ancient history class under the direction of Miss K. Brown gave talks on stereopticon pictures.

The Commercial Geography Class performed under the direction of Miss Blood. The sophomore mathematics class explained how high school mathematics makes clear certain common misconceptions.

Mr. Conary's junior chemistry class discussed and demonstrated hydrogen, red and green fire, and sodium and potassium.

The junior French Class, supervised by Miss Blogett gave two acts of the play "Monsieur Perrichon."

### Flag Presentation

During the last quarter a flag was presented to Manning High School bearing the following inscription:

"Presented To  
Manning High School  
Ipswich, Massachusetts

In memory of  
Michael Reddy  
Soldier of the Civil War  
1862—1865

1st Regiment of Massachusetts Heavy  
Artillery

Taps September 26th, 1899  
By his son Michael Reddy  
through the  
Patriotic Aides

Department of Massachusetts  
Woman's Relief Corps  
April 8, 1925"

## Social

Wednesday night, June 10th the seniors had the last social of the year. The entertainment of the social was somewhat new (leave it to the seniors). It was a radio concert. It did sound very thrilling to hear some of our own classmates broadcasting from Chicago. Then the usual "seven in and seven out" began. Later in the evening a mysterious looking box of cookies was auctioned off, then another, then another, and it was not until the next day that some of the lower classmen found that it was the same box of cookies auctioned off three times. All in all the social was a success socially as well as financially. The only regret the seniors have is the thought that it was their last one.

## Class Day

Class Day was held Wednesday, June 24, 1925. The play was "Cinderella Married." Those who took part were Elsie Hull, Bertha Savory, Isabel Swasey, Dorothy Merry, Robert Shaw and Philip Ewing.

The Class Will was read by Robert Hills. The Class Prophecy was recited by Mildred Jedrey. Gifts to Girls were given by Thomas Doyle and Gifts to Boys were given by Mary Munroe. The History was given by Edmund Witham.

MARY MUNROE, '25.

## ATHLETICS

### Dummer 4, Manning 3

May 6

Manning was defeated in its first game of the season by a score of 4-3. The game was closely played. Carey and R. Sheppard starred at bat for Manning.

#### Manning

W. Wile, ss  
Hayes, 1st  
Jordan, 2nd  
Carey, cf  
Smith, c  
J. Sheppard, c  
Doyle, rf  
Ewing, lf  
R. Sheppard, 3rd  
McCarthy, p

2 base hits, Hinds McGinelly. 3 base hits, Carey. Base on balls by McCarthy 7, by White 3. Struck out by McCarthy 6, by White 10.

Score:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	total
0	0	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	4
1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	3

#### Dummer

Hinds, c  
Morse, rf  
McGinelly, cf  
Emerson, 2nd  
Derby, 3rd  
Sleeper, lf  
Sawyer, lf  
Foseferg, 1st  
Hart, ss  
White, p

Dummer  
Manning

### Danvers 5, Manning 3

May 13

Manning lost its second game of the season by a score of 5-3. Many of Danvers's runs were scored by errors.

#### Manning

W. Wile, ss  
Hayes, 1st  
Jordan, 2nd  
Carey, cf  
R. Sheppard, 3rd  
Doyle, rf  
J. Wile, c  
Ewing, lf  
MacDonald, p

#### Danvers

Van Horn, 1st  
Ford, ss  
Russel, c  
Ransom, 2nd  
Hood, lf  
Dogherty, rf  
Blair, p  
Trash, cf  
Meade, 3rd  
Hawkes, rf

2 base hits, Carey, R. Sheppard. Base on balls off MacDonald 2, off Blair 3. Struck out by MacDonald 8, by Blair 11.

Score:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	total
1	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	5
0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	3

Danvers  
Manning

### Manchester 1, Manning 0

May 20

Manning played its first out of town game at Manchester. The game was very closely played, Manchester scoring the only run in the fourth.

#### Manning

W. Wile, ss  
Hayes, 1st  
Sheppard, 3rd  
Carey, cf  
Jordan, 2nd  
J. Wile, c  
Doyle, rf  
Ewing, lf  
McCarthy, p

#### Manchester

Greenburg, 2nd  
Cronin, rf  
Wade, ss  
Cameron, p  
Porter, 1st  
E. Cronin, c  
Burgers, lf  
Wilcox, 3rd  
Gillis, cf

2 base hits Carey, Greenburg, Burges. Base on balls off McCarthy 3, off Cameron 1. Struck out by McCarthy 3, by Cameron 8.

Score:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	total
0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	x	1
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Manchester  
Manning

### Punchard 13, Manning 0

May 22

Manning lost its second out-of-town game of the season at Punchard. Because of the long rough ride the team was not in as good shape as might have been desired.

#### Manning

W. Wile, ss  
Hayes, 1st  
Sheppard, 3rd  
Carey, cf  
J. Wile, c  
Smith, lf  
Ewing, lf

#### Punchard

Souter, ss  
Coutes, lf  
Tate, lf  
Gvenson, rf  
Dyer, 1st  
Stevenson, c  
Williams, cf



Jordan, 2nd  
Doyle, rf  
MacDonald, p  
Two base hits, Coutes. Base on balls off MacDonald 6, off Sullivan 4. Struck out by MacDonald 8, by Sullivan 5.

Score:  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 total  
3 3 1 0 2 1 0 3 x 13  
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Punchard  
Manning

#### Wilmington 8, Manning 1

May 27

Manning continued losing and dropped its fifth game of the season 8-1.

**Manning**  
Hayes, 1st  
W. Wile ss  
R. Sheppard, 3rd  
Carey, cf  
Sheppard, c  
Doyle, rf  
J. Wile, 2nd  
Jordan, 2nd  
McCarthy, p, lf  
MacDonald, p, lf  
Ewing, lf

**Wilmington**  
D. Wilcox, p  
Fuller, 1st  
Kantor, c  
Hayward, 2nd  
Nelzar, 3rd  
Warerman, cf  
Johnson, ss  
C. Wilcox, lf  
Woodsule, rf

Two base hits, D. Wilcox, Johnson. Struck out by MacDonald 10, by Wilcox 16.

#### Manning 9, Topsfield 2

May 29

Manning won its first game in the rain by a score of 9-2. The game was called in the last of the sixth inning.

**Manning**  
L. Wile, c  
Hayes, 1st  
R. Sheppard, 3rd  
Carey, ss  
Jordan, 2nd  
Doyle, rf  
MacDonald, cf  
Ewing, lf  
McCarthy, p

**Topsfield**  
Welch, cf  
Elwell, 3rd  
Burnham, 2nd  
Titus, ss  
Watum, 1st  
Lee, lf  
Hayes, rf  
E. Weaver, p

Struck out by McCarthy 5, by E. Weaver 13.

Score:  
1 2 3 4 5 6 total  
0 5 0 4 0 0 9  
2 0 0 0 0 0 2  
Manning  
Topsfield

#### Danvers 3, Manning 2

June 3

Manning lost its second game with Danvers by a score of 3-2. Manning led until the ninth inning when Danvers scored three runs.

**Manning**  
J. Wile, c  
Hayes, 1st  
W. Wile, ss  
Carey, p

**Danvers**  
Hood, rf  
Hawkins, rf  
Milligan, c  
Trask, cf

Sheppard, c  
Jordan, 2nd  
Ewing, lf  
Doyle, rf  
MacDonald, cf

Blair, p  
Dogherty, lf  
Ransom, 2nd  
Russel, 1st  
Meade, 3rd  
Ford, ss

2 bats hits, Carey. 3 base hits, Doyle. Base on balls off Carey 3, off Blair 7. Struck out by Carey 4, by Blair 5.

Score:  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 total  
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 3  
0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 2  
Danvers  
Manning

#### Johnson 13, Manning 6

June 5

Johnson administered another defeat to Manning. Manning made many errors, letting in many runs. Manning's score might have been higher, for once with bases full and no outs, Carey, the only consistent batter on the team, was sent up to bunt, but the chance was lost.

**Manning**  
J. Wile, c  
Sheppard, c.  
Hayes, 1st  
W. Wile, ss  
Smith, cf  
Carey, cf, p  
Greenburg, 3rd  
R. Sheppard, 3rd  
Avery, p  
MacDonald, p  
Doyle, rf  
McCarthy, lf, p

**Johnson**  
Colby, cf  
Knightly, ss  
Boyle, c  
F. Ormstrom, lf  
Lunenlls, 1st  
J. Ormstrom, 2nd  
McEvry, p  
Gallagher, rf  
Jenson, 3rd

Base on balls off MacDonald 2, off Carey 1, off McCarthy 1. Struck out by MacDonald 7, by Carey 1, by McCarthy 1.

#### Manning 6, Manchester 0

June 10

Manning completely outclassed Manchester in seven innings when the game was called on account of rain.

**Manning**  
J. Wile, 3rd  
Haves, 1st  
J. Sheppard, c  
W. Wile, ss  
Carey, cf  
Doyle, cf  
Jordan, 2nd  
Ewing, lf  
MacDonald, p

**Manchester**  
Greenberg, 2nd  
Dennis, ss  
Porter, 1st  
Cameron, p  
Gillis, rf  
Burgess, lf  
Cronin, cf  
McElney, c  
Wilcox, 3rd

Base on balls off MacDonal'd 3, off Cameron 1. Struck out by MacDonald 5, by Cameron 7.

Score:  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 Total  
4 0 0 2 0 0 0 6  
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
Manning  
Manchester



## Wilmington 5, Manning 4

June 12, 1925

Manning lost its last game of the season by a score of 5-4. The game was well and closely played, Manning leading until the 5th inning when Wilmington tied the score. Manning was handi-capped by the loss of R. Sheppard at third.

Manning	Wilmington
J. Wile, 3rd	Wilcox, 1st
Hayes, 1st	Melzar, 1f
J. Sheppard, c	Kantor, c
W. Wile, ss	Carter, p
Carey, cf, p	Fuller, ss
Doyle, rf	Hayward, 2nd
Jordan, 2nd	Waterman, cf
Ewing, 1f	Doucette, 3rd
MacDonald, cf, p	Shannock, rf
Base on balls off MacDonald 0, off Carter 3. Struck out by MacDonald 5, by Carter 6. by Carey 1.	

Score:	
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 Total	
0 1 0 0 1 1 2 0 0 5	Wilmington
0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 4	Manning

Batting Averages			
	At Bat	Hits	Average
Carey	34	12	353
J. Wile	32	10	312
Hayes	31	9	290
R. Sheppard	28	8	286
MacDonald	24	6	250
Jordan	33	8	242
W. Wile	38	7	184
Ewing	25	4	160
Doyle	31	4	129
J. Sheppard	11	1	09
McCarthy	9	0	000
	296	69	203

Those who received letters in baseball were: M. Hayes, Capt.; J. Wile, J. Sheppard, W. Wile, Carey, Doyle, Jordan, Ewing MacDonald, McCarthy, R. Sheppard, Henley.

Those who received letters in track were: Christopher, G. Hayes, M. Hayes, Capt.; Connors, Emerson, MacDonald, Hale, Manager.

### Girl's Hiking

During the past two quarters the girls have been hiking for letters. Those who have received them are:

Natalie Brown, '25  
Jennie Jeanakountzos, '25  
Mary Munroe, '25  
Angie Wile, '25  
Ruth Norman, '26  
Elizabeth Stone, '26  
Elizabeth Glover, '27  
Vergene Hamilton, '27

Berenice Lester, '27  
Mary Lucey, '27  
Mary Patch, '28  
Madeline Bailey, '26  
Minerva Dunbar, '26  
Hazel Manzer, '26  
Ruth Mighill, '26  
Barbara Pickard, '26  
Dorothy Williams, '26  
Laura Gordon, '27  
Viola Jianakountzos, '27  
Esther Gove, '27  
Elizabeth Gove, '28

## JOKES

Callahan aspires to be an owner of a hotel. In his bid for the senior banquet, his menu consisted of his favorite dish, ice cream and onions.

When this came before the class for discussion, Doyle stood up, and after explaining to the class the "prudent management (of nuts) is better than force," moved that we accept the menu with the addition of frogs (Jordan's) hind legs, and sparrow's eyebrows.

The class however, decided that there are exceptions to all rules and rejected the kind offer.

D. Williams translating (in French) "Ses genoux flechissaient" his knees bowed (on bended knees).

A. Avery must think he is pretty old for in French he translated the following passage: "De mon temps vive Dieu la jeunesse etait plus alert" (In my time by the powers) as "in my time, when God lived, youth was more alert."

We appreciate the feeling that the Junior High School can put into the song "The Junior High is good enough for me," but we suggest that, since the student body like it so well, they might remain there until some of that feeling has worn away.

Mr. Whipple: "Avery, have you your experiments written up?" Avery: "Yuh! I got 'em all done 'cept I haven't the data, the conclusions, nor the directions."

### Genteel Way of Saying It

When Callahan and Ewing were sent out of Room IV one hot day a few weeks ago, they were told to go to the hottest place they could find.

Callahan claims that he is not quite ready to go there yet, nor does he ever

expect to go there. He went as near to it as he could, however, the basement.

### DRAMA

#### The Tragedy of the Lost Bag

Dramatis Personae

Lady A. .... a philosopher  
Callahan ..... a pupil  
Merson, Doyle, Phelan ... three villains  
Mob Scenes, Students and Large Gatherings

Scene—Room IV

Act I.

Time—About 1:00 P. M.

Flourish of erasers, general commotion, and alarum within  
(Enter 3 villains)

1st Villain—Yonder lies the bag of Callahan. Let us away with it if we can.

2nd Villain—Yea! but yesterday he had stolen mine which I only got by a neckbreaking climb.

3rd Villain (Seizes bag and throws it over bookcase)—Fair is foul and foul is fair. I heave the bag through the fog and filthy air. (Bag drops in back of bookcase.)

General scamper

Exeunt 3 Villains

Enter Lady A (indignant)—Stop talking. Seniors, sit yourselves down.

(Deep silence. Exeunt all.)

Act II.—The Same

Enter Lady A., Callahan, Villains, and Mob

Callahan—Where! O where can my student's bag be? Callahan to Lady A. There is foul play it appears to me.

Lady A.—Anon! Ere half past three, We will hear the villains' plea.

(Exeunt all. Flourish of Bells.)

Act III.

3:30 Before the palace of Lady A.

Enter Lady A., Students, Villains, and Callahan

Lady A.—The senior class is here to stay, Until Callahan's bag is returned, I say.

The Villains aside, 3rd Villain—In order to save you all I will climb the ten foot wall.

(The largest of the villains, the third, takes fishing pole, climbs bookcase, and after fishing awhile rescues bag from behind bookcase.)

(Excited cries from mob)

Callahan (rejoicing)—Now I have my student's bag.

3 Villains to Callahan—With you we make a later date. And by the good St. Vitus. We'll thump thy wicked pate.

(Exeunt all)

Finis.



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